

Sent:
Subject:

Friday, September 17, 2010 8:45 PM
Postcard

Last night we ate at the Silver Saddle. It's a fairly nice dining room if you like cowboy motif and retro country music. We do. A couple of nights ago we had a great salad there. But we have had so many salads my own head is now green and leafy. So – and this is just between us – we decided to get some red meat! Sheila ordered the buffalo tenderloin and I picked the buffalo flank steak.

While we waited, a couple came in hanging all over each other. Sammy Kershaw was singing *Third Rate Romance, Low Rent Rendezvous*. She was 40-ish with long bleached hair and leathery skin. He was 40-ish with not so much hair but a nice, compensatory goatee. They fed each other appetizers in their booth while glued together at every point of mutual contact. Then they started making out or, as Harry Potter would say, *snogging*. We averted our eyes but you could still hear their lips smacking. Eeeeeuuuuuuwww. The foursome at the nearest table left with their water and appetizers still on the table. Sheila said under her breath, or maybe not so under, "Get a room". We were never so happy to see someone else's food come.

As it turned out, we were happier to see theirs come than ours. Than mine, anyway. Astute readers will have already noted I ordered the flank steak and astute diners will recognize this as a blunder. Well, you see, when Sheila makes flank steak it's great. As I learned later, she marinates it and cuts it thin, as opposed to Silver Saddle who kills a bison, rips some muscle and ligament from approximately where the diagram says "flank" and grills it to chewy perfection. And I mean stringy, rubbery, fibrous perfection. I am still flossing, thank you.

Then they gave us free warm chocolate cake with raspberry & chocolate sauce over freshly made vanilla bean ice cream. OK. Fair trade.

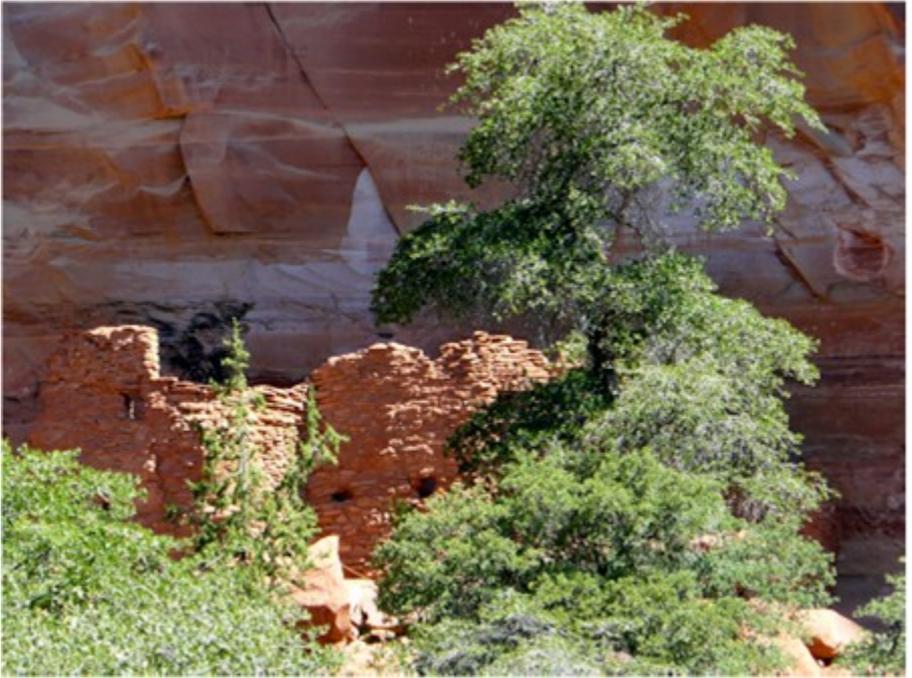
Sorry, no pictures.

Today we went to Palatki Ruins. It is the only ruin we have ever visited that required a reservation (the restaurant kind not the Indian kind). The ruins are on National Forest land a few miles from Sedona and down one of those washboard-plus-big-rocks dirt roads. We made a reservation, bumped the 7 miles of bumps, and Murray showed off a whole new repertoire of squeaks. When we got there we lined up at a locked gate, which they subsequently opened and led us to the Visitor's Center. There we were prepped for the once in a lifetime opportunity to get a guided tour to an agave roasting pit. What? Why? The trail to the ruin was closed by a rock slide.

You can only imagine the tingles that went down our collective spines to understand what this meant. It is an elite and privileged group who has seen an agave roasting pit. The roasting pit itself was covered with dirt

and we did not take a picture. (Google agave, it's the very definition of fascinating).

Got a picture of the ruin with a 10X zoom:



We did the laundry.

D&S